

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—DAVEY CROCKET.

VOL. II.

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POETRY.

A PARODY.

Let me kiss you for your mother—
For your sister—cousin—
Or for somebody or other.
Whom I long to kiss and can't.
I could wish my love beside me
As I've you beside me now,
But the pleasure is denied me,
So I'll kiss you any how.

I adore the lady dearly,
(I assure you that I do.)
Can you understand me clearly
That my kiss is not for you?
In your keeping I may leave it:
As another's not your own,
So I beg you not to receive it,
As a gift, but as a loan.

You have stolen, yellow tresses,
While my love's are black as night;
And your eyes—eyes—eyes confound me—
Are a dozen times as bright;
But I covet from another
What another cannot grant;
So I'll kiss you for your mother—
Or your sister—cousin—
Or for somebody or other.

DO THE RIGHT.

In the right, oh child of pleasure!
Let the heart be free from stain!
Spurn from thee each selfish treasure!
Love the good that thou shalt gain!
In the right, oh child of beauty!
On the demon doth invite;
Bear in mind thy noble duty—
Shun the wrong and do the right!

To the right, oh child of sorrow!
Never let thy hopes grow faint!
For the sunshine comes to-morrow—
Strive to be a worthy saint!
E'en though life to thee seems dreary,
And thy prospects dark as night;
Never let thy faith grow weary—
Banish wrong and trust the right!

Do the right and never falter!
Never be ashamed to own
That the right thou wilt not part!
Nor thy happiness down.
Be a good and faithful servant—
Though your station in the fight
May be humble, yet, if fervent,
Thou wilt conquer with the right!

Christmas Customs.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the conventional greeting, "A merry Christmas," more appropriate than in Norway. Here the Yule or Christmas is celebrated as a national feast by all the inhabitants, from the poor cottager to the wealthy noble.

In the mountain districts especially, this one great holiday of the year is kept with the heartiness of a primitive hospitality unknown in less remote regions. All work is suspended for thirteen days. The entrance of every house is decorated, and the walls of the kitchens are roughly adorned with gaudy pictures, fantastically painted in water-colors. Throughout Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the merry-making is entirely domestic, restricted to the members of each family and household. Not even a friendly visit is paid. On the following days the neighbors assemble at each other's houses by turns for carousing. No regular meat is provided, but open house is kept, the table richly spread for all comers. No stranger is allowed to leave a house until he has partaken of the strong Yule ale, which is served in true Norwegian fashion, each in rapid succession. A sort of recitative is chanted from time to time:

"Let the bowl pass quickly
Joyfully let it circle
Round the table,
Nobly, richly spread."

On these occasions the servants sit at the same table with the host, his wife, and family. All are dressed in their gala attire of rich colored cloth, trimmed with gold and silver braid, the women wearing caps and aprons of brilliant hues. The oldest man present belonging to the family presides, sitting in a high wooden chair. At stated hours he appeals to his guests with the simple words: "Let us all pray."

There is a custom practiced in Sweden of hanging up in front of every house, at Christmas, a small sheaf of wheat for the

winter provision of the birds, who would without this supply perish with cold and hunger amid the elements of a Northern winter. In reference to the Christmas celebrations of that country, Longfellow tells us that "the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in the crack shall a groom come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls, and the great yule cake, crowned with a cheese and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales too, of Jons Lunsbracker and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pigsdaka."

The Christmas ceremonies of the Greeks are thus described in "Swain's Journal of a Voyage to the Mediterranean": "Their churches are adorned in the gayest manner. I entered one in which a sort of race show had been set up, illumined with a multitude of candles. The subject of it was the birth of Christ, who was represented in the background by a little waxen figure, wrapped up in embroidery, and reclining upon an embroidery cushion, which rested upon another of pink satin, this was supposed to be the manger where he was born. Behind the image two paper bulls' heads looked unutterable things. On the right was the Virgin Mary, and on the left one of the Eastern magi. Paper clouds, in which a paper heads of numberless cherubs appeared, enveloped the whole; while from a pasteboard cottage stalked a wooden monk, with dog and sheep, and camels, goats, lions, and lambs; there walked a maiden upon a stratum of suds and dried earth, and there a shepherd, flourishing aloft his pastoral staff. The construction of these august figures was chiefly Dutch, they were intermixed with china images and miserable dabs on paper. In the center a real fountain, in miniature, jetted forth water, to the ineffable delight of crowds of prostrate worshippers."

Christmas and similar days are occasions of incredible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better dominion. None known better how to make "presents," or to invent souvenirs. For a German not to know the birth-days and wedding anniversaries of all his intimate friends, and not to commemorate them by some token of affection, however slight (for the value is nothing compared to the sentiment), is a barbarism, ascertained. In large families these commemorations, reaching from the grand parent to the yearling babe, and extending out to all dear friends keep up, of course, an almost continuous exercise of kindly attentions and forethought; and the Germans have quite universally a peculiar tact of clothing these beautiful little things with dramatic surprise, so as to render the "manner" infinitely more precious than the "matter." The lowliest village schoolmaster's birthday is known to all this rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet. Flowers, looks, cheese, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs, are showered upon him. He is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without; he is addressed in original doggerel, and serenaded with music and dancing. And thus, also, fares the village pastor; and all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonious—as much a joy to the donors as to the recipients.

At Selona, in Dalmatia, they elect a king at Christmas, whose reign lasts only a fortnight; but, notwithstanding the duration of his authority, he enjoys several prerogatives of sovereignty; such for example, as keeping the keys of the town, of having a distinguished place in the cathedral, and of deciding upon all difficulties or disputes which arise among those who compose his court. The town is obliged to provide him with a house suitable to the dignity of his elevated station. When he leaves his house he is always compelled to wear a crown of wheat ears, and he cannot appear in public without a robe of purple or scarlet cloth, and surrounded by a great number of officers. The governor, the bishops and other dignitaries are obliged to give a feast, and all who meet him must salute him with respect. When the fortnight is at an end, the king quits his palace, strips off his crown, and returns to his hovel. For a length of time this pantomimical king was chosen from amongst the noblest; at

present his election has developed upon the lowest of the people.

In the extreme west of England there is a curious custom at Christmas time of saluting the apple trees, which is thus described: "In some places the parishioners walk in procession, visiting the principal orchards in the parish. In each orchard one tree is selected as the representative of the rest; this is saluted with a certain form of words, which have in them an air of invocation. They then sprinkle the tree with cider, or dash a bowl of cider against it, to insure its bearing plentifully the ensuing year. In other places the farmer and his servants only assemble on the occasion, and, after immersing apples in cider, hang them on the apple trees. They then sprinkle the tree with cider, and after uttering a formal incantation, they dance around it (or rather, round them), and return to the farmhouse to conclude these solemn rites with copious draughts of cider."

Christmas in the country—not the country a mile or two outside a great city, but the true country far away among the trees, with the beauties of nature little disturbed by man—that Christmas is really enjoyed. Here it is that we find the day celebrated in the good old-fashioned style. The "Yule Log" and the "Mistletoe," the farmers' hardy boys and burrow daughters, the rooms decked with green in profusion, the cakes and pies, the games in which all, young and old join, the children firm believing in old Santa Claus, and the very furniture wearing a holiday appearance—this is the Christmas which we poor brick-and-mortar folk hear of, read of, but seldom see. Our country cousins, visiting a great city on Christmas day, are placed with the parades and the well-stocked store windows, and with the gaudy dresses of our lady butterfies. But we tell them that we should more justly envy (if envy is ever just) the Christmas in the country, than any other Christmas in the world.

Dear country cousins, with us Christmas is hollow and false—it is a day of cessation of business, a day of supposed relaxation, a day of fashionable calls (a duty none in society dare ignore), a day of store cake and wine, of punch and egg nog, but not a day of the real enjoyment of the country. It is Christmas as we have made it—not as we found it. Our little ones have come to look upon Christmas as simply a time of present-giving and receiving. They have long since lost all faith in Santa Claus, and speak of a Christmas tree with contempt. The city business man considers the day a loss and though he keeps "open house" and receives his friends, as in duty bound, who in duty bound call upon him, he wishes the time of pleasure past, and the routine of money-making and money-losing again commenced. He cannot throw away care for a day. But with you, oh! how different. Your young men find the happiest Christmas in the company of your young girls, around the family hearth—not in the casinos and bar-rooms, which the city youth honors equally with the parlors of the first families. You enjoy Christmas, and welcome its return because with you it is Christmas—it is the holiday time—it brings fun and frolic. We keep Christmas because it is customary, and rejoice not on Christmas day, but when it is passed.

A Nice Little Romance.

In the year of Grace, 1801, a daughter was born "to poor but respectable parents," in one of the remotest of the New England States. She grew to be a fair child, and babbled into young womanhood beautiful and attractive. Scarcely had she passed the dangerous period of romance and bewildering fancies, "sweet sixteen," when the destroyer came. "She loved not wisely but too well," and fell before the arts of the seducer. Ruined—she was abandoned. Her child grew to be a fair maiden. In her artless girlhood, she sought out her rich putative father and claimed his parental benediction. He repelled her with curses bitter and blisters fire. Startled at first to frenzy by the harshness of his invectives, rapidly she recovered self-possession and calmness, and rising to a dignity and power beyond her years, she defied his curses, reproached him for his heartlessness, and barred denunciations in his astonished ears, and declared, "though we are poor and despised now, I will one day be rich enough to buy you and your tribe." Time sped on. The betrayed and wronged unmarried mother, having secured a home for her only child, disappeared from the scene of her early childhood and her fall. In 1827, far remote from her early home, death came to relieve her

broken heart of its sorrows, and her body was hidden away in an obscure pauper's grave, and her spirit went to the All merciful. The more than orphan daughter knew not where the remains of her mother were hidden away from the sight of men, nor the day, nor the place of her departure. Alone in the world, the desolate daughter grew to woman's estate, beautiful, intelligent, energetic and enterprising. She left her native place for our nation's greatest city. She married, wealth came. The defiant anathema of her childhood was realized. Long and fruitlessly she sought her poor mother's grave. At last she offered large rewards for its discovery, and was successful. In the smaller of the New England States the ruined mother had found peaceful refuge in the grave at the age of twenty six. Within the last year the affluent daughter has caused a most costly monument to be erected in the beautiful cemetery of her early home, near the scenes of her mother's innocence and her ruin, and thither had her remains removed, there to rest till the final summons shall call the sleeping millions to arise from their dusty beds. The monument is of the purest white marble, surmounted by an exquisitely carved female figure, nearly life size, in a sitting posture, with an open Bible resting in her lap, and a crucifix leaning up on her arm—the whole surrounded by a massive enclosure, the gateway of which is watched and guarded by two bronzed, life-size, canine figures. In chiseled letters, the simple and endearing name of "Mother" fills one side of the monument—while on the other her name and date of birth, and the date and place of her death, are recorded—while on yet another side reads this touching inscription:

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

The daughter's marriage name is enshrined upon a tablet of the gateway—Thus has the pledged work of a lifetime been accomplished—and when the daughter dies, her remains will rest by the side of her mother's, whose memory she has so tenderly and so faithfully and fearlessly cherished, in spite of early misfortune and stern fate's crushing frowns. There is often a nobility in misfortune which commands admiration, and the conduct of a true child, though born in sorrow, cannot fail to receive the plaudits of the good on earth and the approving smiles of Heaven.

A Bad Affair at Halifax, N. C.
An affair of the most lamentable character occurred at Halifax on Wednesday night, 26th ult., resulting in the killing of a young man, named David Fitzgerald, of Norfolk, Va., at the hands of Capt. Thomas Ricketts, of Baltimore. The particulars, as near as we can learn them, are as follows:

The two gentlemen in question were on a visit to Mr. David O. Laws, who lives at the Grove place just outside of Halifax. Capt. Ricketts being a brother-in-law of Mr. Laws, and young Fitzgerald Ricketts' nephew. On the night in question the two gentlemen repaired to the Grove for the purpose of retiring. Fitzgerald, being somewhat excited with drink was pacified (as though) by his uncle, and they both retired in the same room. Between ten and eleven o'clock Fitzgerald got up, in the dark, declaring that he intended to kill Capt. Ricketts, procured a pistol from some point in the room, and fired towards the bed where Captain R. was. Finding himself thus attacked by the young man, Ricketts seized a double-barreled shot gun sitting at the head of his bed, and fired two shots, the last one striking Fitzgerald in the breast and passing through his lungs, the gun being loaded with squirrel shot. The whole affair transpired in the dark, neither party being enabled to see each other. Dr. John O'Brien was called in, and all the attention possible given the unfortunate man, but to no effect, his wound causing his death about three o'clock on Thursday morning.

The affair caused a feeling of sadness to pervade the community, and we sincerely regret its occurrence as much as Captain R. The deceased and Capt. Ricketts had just returned from a trip to Spain together, the latter being a sea-faring man. Fitzgerald's parents live in Norfolk, where his body will be conveyed for interment.

Since writing the above, we learn that a dispute arose after the two had gotten in bed, and Fitzgerald, acting under the influence of drink, got up, procured the pistol, and fired at Ricketts, when the latter fired one barrel of the gun with the intention of lightening Fitzgerald, but, finding the deceased still bent upon killing him, he fired as Fitzgerald was cocking his pistol, with the result already stated.—*Weldon News.*

A couple celebrated their silver wedding a few days ago, of whom it is said they never exchanged a harsh word during their wedded life of 25 years.—We would state, for the benefit of those to whom this may seem incredible, that they are deaf mutes.

The Recent Disturbance at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 22, 1868.

The city of Charlotte has for several days been the scene of the highest excitement, caused by a shooting affray which took place on last Friday evening. The victim was James A. Gleason, a leading desperado of the Ku Klux organization. The facts as near as we can gather them are as follows: A little before night on the above named day, a white man from the country by some means obtained a pocket book belonging to a colored boy, an apple vendor; the boy demanded the pocket book and several words passed between them, when the man knocked him down and was kicking him when a colored policeman came up and arrested both. Gleason with several others of his clan, who it is said had sworn that no "white man" should be arrested by a "negro policeman," came up and rescued the white man. At this stage a white policeman came up, arrested Gleason and took him to the Mayor's office. The parties who interfered in the street followed them to the Mayor's office, it is thought for the purpose of interfering with the proceedings, and probably to make an assault on the investigating parties. L. Dunlop, while on the witness stand was called by one of the party a "G-d d—n son of a b—h." Dunlop replied, I am no more of a one than you are. Gleason took it up and several angry words passed between him and Dunlop, when Gleason (it is said) drew his pistol and fired at Dunlop, missing him. Dunlop then fired twice at Gleason, both balls taking effect. Gleason ran out of the Court House, fell, and died in a short time.

It is proper (as I wish to state the facts as I have gathered them) to say that Gleason's friends now claim that he did not shoot at all, although at the time it was generally admitted that he did.

For the good of society, and that the ends of justice may be subserved, it is to be regretted that caste, prejudice and politics should enter so conspicuously in matters of this kind. It makes martyrs of men who have no claim whatever to the title, and create sympathy for men whose acts none can justify. This whole thing grew out of politics, or a determination on the part of so-called Conservatives not to submit to the present order of things. They are determined that colored men shall not act as policemen in this town.

Dunlop was arrested and put in prison. On Saturday evening a report was raised that B. Schenck, a colored policeman, had struck Gleason a blow after he was shot, which would have caused death. Schenck was therefore arrested and put in prison. Shortly after it was reported that Gleason's friends were going to take the prisoners out and lynch them! The excitement was intense all night long, but on Sabbath morning it was hoped that the worst was over. The day passed off quietly, but while men were heard to say that after Gleason was buried they would "give the niggers hell." Threatening expressions were heard from squads of men who were seen about the streets shortly after dark, but the masses, both white and colored, went to their respective churches quietly. Just after services commenced in the white Methodist Church which is next to the jail, it is said that a little boy ran into the church and shouted at the top of his voice that they were going to take the prisoners out of jail. In ten minutes time the same report had been made at every church in the town, and the congregations poured into the streets amid the wildest confusion. In a short time the masses received weapons of every description, and it was feared that a collision would ensue, but by the efforts of those who were determined to keep the peace, it was avoided.

That the congregations of eight or nine churches could thus be thrown together in so short a time, under such exciting circumstances, and no collision take place, is due to the fact that a large majority of the white and colored citizens of the town are determined that law and order shall be maintained, and the colored people here, very unlike those in Georgia and Alabama, where massacres have taken place, are determined that their rights shall be respected.

Quiet has been restored. Schenck has been admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000. As an evidence of the good character he bears in this community, the signature

to his bonds are worth over \$100,000.—And we are told that he could have got a million of dollars, if necessary.

Dunlop, we are inclined to think, will not be admitted to bail, and probably it is best that he should not be.

VERITAS.

From the Chicago Evening Post.
Wanted—A Private Soldier.

We are not sure that we have seen a man of less rank than Brigadier General, in the last three days. Our eyes have been longing for a sight of our private soldier—a volunteer in either one of the four great armies whose reunion and celebration in this city are hardly ended yet. At the Opera House, on Tuesday evening we saw Grant, Sherman, Thomas, McDowell, Logan, Hurlbut, Oglesby, and fifteen hundred or two thousand others, all of whose shoulders had worn straps. We heard the orators heaping praise, which was, to say the least, sufficient, on these tilted heads. We saw these heads bow again and again in acknowledgement of the justice of all the encomiums bestowed. We listened with keen interest to a recital of what these four great armies had done, and we were gratified with what we heard. But as we saw no private of war, as we heard no private soldier praised, as all reference to the private soldier was omitted, we came to the conclusion that we had read the recent history of the country's wrong—that the war just over was one in which no private soldier fought—that Sherman and his brigadiers and colonels, with perhaps here and there a major, made the memorable campaign around Atlanta without other aid than that of their flashing swords—that Thomas and his officers conquered at Franklin and Nashville—that Grant had in his march through the dreadful Wilderness nobody lower on the army register than a captain—that all the great deeds in the war were wrought by the vanguard. General Grant and so did this, General Sherman did that, General Thomas did the other, and so on—absolutely did it by his prowess unaided and alone! And this delusion lasted as long as the meeting continued. But after it was over, turning to contemporary history, we found that there were certainly some private soldiers in the service somewhere. We saw that in this attack a thousand fell; that in that surprise twenty-five hundred more went down; that in one pitched battle twenty-six thousand were killed and wounded, and that every page of our recent annals is reddened with private soldiers' blood.

We believe in our Generals, especially in the last crop of Brigadier Generals. But we believe in Mr. Private Soldier too; and when these four great armies next assemble, we should like somebody to speak for him. We thought, as we heard this victory attributed to one officer and that victory to another, and as we saw these honors quietly accepted by the persons at whose heads they were flung, how refreshing and instructive it would be to have the account of these things—that the man in the ranks could give. He could tell in many cases what was on the other side of the glittering shield—how many of his comrades had been doomed to death by official neglect of the hospital and the commissariat, for which the commander ought to have cared; how many were sacrificed to ignorance; how many were offered up to neglect and laziness; how many died because a drunkard knew not how to command; how many were hurried against places that they ought never to have attacked, and returned no more; how many suffered from needless tyranny and an arbitrary temper; how many victories were gained by the impetuous valor of "the boys" alone, while official incompetency lagged and trembled in the rear; how many retreats were converted into routs, because, in the retrograde, the commander would lead the van; how many tens and hundreds of thousands of the brave lads who now lie beneath a Southern soil might have come back, had skill, sobriety and courage always had command. These are some of the things that the private soldier might tell. He needs a historian and a defender. He is in danger of being forgotten. For one whose valor was always conspicuous, whose patience was a marvel, whose intelligence was unequalled, and whose devotion was sublime—all for thirteen dollars a month—this is not a desirable fate. As we may have another war in which the private soldier will be invoked, it will be wise to give him his share of the glory that the four great armies have gained; at least it will be but just to remember in reunions and celebrations that such a man as he lived and did his part. Wanted, in Chicago, more than anywhere else, a private soldier of the army either of the Confederates, the Tennessee, the Ohio, or of Georgia. If such an one live, will he step to the front?

Religious Associations of the President.

It is somewhat a singular fact that as far as it is known no President of the United States since the days of Washington has been a communicant in a church. John Adams was the representative of the liberal community of his day. Jefferson was styled a free thinker. An attempt was made when Jefferson was a young man to make the Episcopal Church the established religion of Virginia.—John Leland, a traveling Baptist minister, preached a sermon in the presence of Jefferson, on what he called the "incestuous connection of Church and State." This sermon converted Jefferson to that doctrine. His persistent opposition to a State religion caused him to be stigmatized as an infidel. Mrs. Madison was a communicant at the Episcopal Church.—Her husband was not. Monroe was a member of an Episcopal parish, but not a communicant. John Quincy Adams, though a member of a Unitarian parish in Massachusetts, held a pew in the second Presbyterian Church in Washington, of which he was a trustee, and there he worshipped until his death. In a violent storm I saw him wading to church one Sunday, with the snow up to his loins, and he was one of the seven persons who composed the congregation that morning. He never communed in the church. General Jackson was a regular attendant on Sunday mornings. He worshipped in the Second Presbyterian Church till his quarrel with the pastor about Mrs. Eaton. He then left for the 43 Street Church and took his Cabinet with him. He always came early and entered his pew, which was on the right side of the church as he entered. Earnest and devout attention he gave the sermon. It was his custom, at the close of the sermon, to rise in the pew make a very courteous bow to the minister and then walk out, the audience awaiting in their pews till he had reached the vestibule. Van Buren's home church at Waterbrook was Reformed, and he attended St. John's Episcopal in the morning. Mrs. Polk was a devoted and earnest Christian woman, belonging to the Presbyterian church. Mr. Polk accompanied his family every morning to the 43 Street Church. Mrs. Polk usually attended the Second Presbyterian Church in the afternoon, where she held a pew. The President seldom accompanied her at the Episcopal service. Gen. Taylor was not a professor of religion. When he attended church he sat in the President's pew at St. John's. President Pierce was a member of a Congregational Society in Concord, N. H., but not of the church. He was very regular in his attendance at the Presbyterian Church in Washington on the morning of each Sabbath. Buchanan attended the small Presbyterian church on F Street, near the White House. This was his religious home during his long Senatorial life. He was not a member of the church. He came to worship usually on foot and unattended. His pew was on the side, about two-thirds of the way from the door. He usually walked up the aisle with a cat-like step, went to the extreme end of the pew, curled himself up in the corner, and seldom moved till the service closed. He rarely spoke to any one, and hastened from the church to the White House. Mrs. Lincoln was a communicant at the New York avenue Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lincoln was not. But he was a regular attendant at worship. Johnson seemed to have no religious home, but rather inclined to the Lutherans. General Grant is not a professor of Religion. He is a trustee of the National Methodist Church at Washington, and is a frequent attendant on the preaching of that church.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Nutmegs are the fruit of a beautiful tree which grows in the Molucca Islands, and in various parts of the East. All the parts of the tree are aromatic, but only those portions of the fruit called nutmeg and mace are marketable. The entire fruit is of an oval form, about the size of a peach. The nutmeg is the innermost kernel. It is surrounded by a skin which, peeled off, constitutes the mace of commerce. The tree yields annually three crops. The first one which is gathered in April is the best. The others are gathered in August and December. Good nutmegs should be dense and heavy, and free from worm-holes. When the worm-holes have been artificially filled up the feeling of lightness in the hand is a means of detecting the fraud. An attempt has been made to cultivate nutmeg in the West Indies, but without success.

"If you see three boys together," commanded Dr. Johnson, "thrust them; for either they have been, are doing, or are about to do some mischief!"

LOCAL AND STATE NEWS.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—The absence of the Mayor caused the Commissioners of this place to fail to hold an election last Monday as is provided by law.

We suppose the Governor will have to appoint the officers for the Town, and that we will have a set of men appointed who have the interest of the Town at heart, and who will levy and have collected a sum sufficient to do something towards making the Red Hill look at least possible, if some of the old hold-backs do grumble.

At the election held in Raleigh, last Monday, the whole Republican ticket was elected for Mayor and Commissioners.

In Wilmington, Newbern and some other points, have elected the Republican ticket.

In Charlotte the so-called succeeded in electing their ticket.

RUTHERFORD COUNTY TOWNSHIPS.—In another column will be found the boundaries of the Townships in this County, and also their names. We would advise our subscribers to file this paper for future reference. We expect to publish in a few weeks the number of children in each Township. These things are matters of history which all our citizens would do well to keep in mind.

New Advertisements.—Doctors Rucker & Twitty have formed a partnership in the practice of Medicine. They are so well known in this County that they need no recommendation at our hands.

Messrs. JONES & BRYAN offer to the public a large and well selected stock of Goods, which they offer cheap. Give them a call.

THE BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY propose to insure the lives of our citizens on very favorable terms. This is an old and reliable Company, and we think those who can possibly spare the money ought to insure as there is no better investment that can be made. Rev. J. R. Griffith the Agent for Western North Carolina visits this place, any person wishing to insure can obtain full particulars by calling on Dr. Craton, the Medical Examiner for this County, or by addressing Rev. Mr. Griffith, at Marion, N. C.

BULLY FOR A PREACHER.—We understand that a certain saddle-bag, so-called, said on the streets of Rutherfordton, this week, that he would have his right hand cut off before he would vote for a compromise ticket for Mayor and Commissioners for the Town of Rutherfordton.

We exclaim *bully* for such a preacher.

MASONIC.—At a regular meeting of Western Star Lodge, No. 91, held on Saturday evening, 26th December, 1868, the following officers were installed for the present year: M. H. JUSTICE, W. M.; W. L. TWITTY, S. W.; G. M. WATKINS, J. W.; J. B. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.; T. B. JONES, Treas.; J. L. RUCKER, S. D.; W. S. GUTHRIE, J. D.; J. S. HAYES, Tyler.

CHANGE OF NAME.—On the first of January the name of the Newbern Daily Republican was changed to Newbern Daily Times. We liked the old name best, but if the Times will continue to be as good a paper as it has heretofore been, we will not grumble at the change.

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.—We have received from Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, advance sheets of a portion of a Newspaper Directory which they propose to issue soon. This Directory will supply a deficiency long felt by newspaper men, and those who wish to advertise, and we must congratulate the public that Messrs. Rowell & Co. have taken the matter in hand, as their names will be a guarantee of the success of the work. Price of the volume will be five dollars.

South Carolina Conference.—Below we give a list of the appointments for this district. It will be seen that Rev. V. A. Sharpe remains on this Circuit. This will be good news for our Methodist brethren in this county as Mr. Sharpe has endeared himself to our people.

Spartanburg District.—R. P. Franks, P. E. Spartanburg Station—W. A. Gamewell, R. C. Oliver, sup.

Spartanburg Circuit.—J. D. Carpenter, J. Parker, sup.

Rich Hill.—J. S. Ervin.

Paoli.—J. B. Massebeau.

Unionville and Fair Forest.—A. J. Stokes.

Cane Creek and Goshen Hill.—W. M. Roy.

Belmont.—To be supplied by H. D. Lee.

Columbia.—M. G. Tuttle.

Rutherford.—V. A. Sharpe.

Cherry Mount Mission.—To be supplied.

Marion Station.—R. Griffith.

McDowell.—To be supplied.

Wofford College.—A. M. Shipp, President; W. Smith, sup.; Professor; A. H. Lester, Professor.

Post Office.—Re-opened.—The Post Office Department has reopened the British Post Office and appointed J. A. Watson, P. M. the office is now kept at Young's Mill.

A Word to Eugene.

In another column will be found an article from Eugene, in which the writer, in referring to his Christmas holidays, seems to be in very fine spirits, having, we suppose almost overjoyed himself at the prospect of a new year, and the Junior of the Star, had been with him, to participate in the many pleasant enjoyments that befell him. Now we are fond of amusements of all kinds, and particularly dancing, at which, we profess to be at least one scholar, as Eugene is aware, and we know that we would have enjoyed it, to the fullest extent had we been with him, but this was out of our power, and as the old adage says, "there is no use in grieving over spilt milk," so we will refrain from further regret.

We are rather generous hearted and hate to make any one feel bad, but as Eugene has broken the ice we will wade in a few inches, and we think that he will feel bad, that he has not been with us, the Junior of the Star. No doubt E remembers a letter we wrote to him, some days ago, stating that we had been at a party out at the Squires, (he knows) what a nice time we had, &c., and that we were going over to the State of Polk to take our Christmas. Well accordingly we went, and we are satisfied, had Eugene been with us he would have said no more about "going to a wedding, kissing the bride," &c. We must say it, to the credit of the young folks of Polk, especially the ladies, that we never spent a more pleasant time anywhere. One night we danced all night, and the next night until 2 o'clock. But we will say no more on the subject, as we know we have given E. the blues already. Suffice it to say, we are going to another to-night. Expect to have a jolly time. Wish E. was with us, but that is a bad wish, for if he was the SENATE would have to employ another Clerk.

THE CAROLINA FARMER.—We have had on our table for some time the January number of this excellent monthly, devoted to the interest of our farmers. We respectfully suggest to them the propriety of patronizing Agricultural Journals, and we know of no journal deserving the patronage of our people more than this. Terms \$2 per year, 15 cents for Special Numbers. Address, W. H. Bernard, Wilmington, N. C.

For the Star.
MESSRS. EDITORS:—The Christmas holidays have passed away without much to us. I am informed by the merchants that they did not sell much this Christmas as they did a year ago. Beyond the popping of fireworks by the little boys, and a few children's parties, there has been nothing more than usual in the city of Oakes. There seems to be a tendency among the grown folks to have no more enjoyment during the holidays than during the summer. As for your correspondent he enjoyed himself finely at a wedding, kissed the bride, danced for two nights in succession, went home with the prettiest young lady he met, and expects to make his first year this week. I know the Junior of the Star would like to know the name of the girl, but I would not take a new step, and dance to some pretty girl, I would say to myself "this is my love."

The Supreme Court meets in this City the first Monday in January, 1869. The office of clerkship is vacant by the death of Edmund B. Freeman. There are several aspirants for the position. Among them is W. R. Richardson, the efficient clerk in the Executive Department. He possesses all the qualifications necessary to fill the position as it should be. He is to be able to inform you soon of his election.

Quite a romance has lately taken place in a wealthy family not more than a thousand miles from this place. The family had for several years employed Irish cooks, but becoming disgusted with the whole Irish race, from some reason, of which I know nothing, the head of the family engaged a young man of excellent character, good family, pleasing manners, and very good looking, to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. The young man, whose real name I will not give, but call Claude Harrington, having been employed in a restaurant for some time, was a first class cook, and pleased his employer better than any cook he ever had.

The family had a daughter, Mary Jane, the daughter of the million re-bowled, was charmed with the skill of the cook, and proposed to papa that she would like to learn something of the culinary art. She was skilled in music, and painting could out talk her French teacher, and in fact, had been brought out as a thoroughly accomplished miss. Papa thought she would soon tire of the cook and kitchen, and as he saw no particular harm in her knowing how to make herself useful in that sphere of life, he consented. The mother was a confirmed invalid, and kept her room continually. Claude was a dashing young fellow, and soon possessed the heart of the charming daughter. She gave her heart and hand to the frog eating hash-chopper, (as papa indignantly remarked) and the pair picked off one day with the necessary documents, and were united in the tie that binds against everything but death and divorce courts. Then came the denouement; the twain had been made one, according to Claude, and asked papa to meet them in the parlor, where they related the story of their courtship over saucers and dish cloths, and their marriage at the City Hall. But papa didn't see it. He wore long and lanky, notwithstanding the presence of the young lady, and ended the interview by kicking his son-in-law down stairs, and landing him on an unoccupied wash tub. Mary Jane was sent to her room and asked to go by her husband, and promised to join him as soon as possible. On the following morning, when papa went to the Legislature to look after a

Railroad bill, Mary Jane escaped from her prison, carrying her jewels and the best of her wearing apparel, of which she had a good supply. She met Claude as agreed, and after a week or two spent in writing notes that came back unanswered, the twain bethought themselves of business, and with the proceeds of the jewels, they started a little restaurant up town and are flourishing and happy. If the Junior does not take himself a rib soon persuade him to turn cook.

EUGENE.

Raleigh, Dec. 31, 1868.

Rutherford Townships.

No. 1. RUTHERFORD TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the fork of the road at Guilford Grove and runs with the road to Whitesides Mill, thence with the road to the bridge on Cathey's Creek in Davies's field; thence up Cathey's Creek to the ford above the Duffy place; thence with the old road direct to Singlass Hill; thence to the Hickory Nut road at the junction of the Cooper's Gap road; thence with the said Cooper's Gap road to a point opposite Preston Metcalf's House; thence, including Metcalf's House, to a point on the Cooper's Gap road, two and a half miles from Rutherfordton; thence to the Twitty's Ford road, two hundred and thirty rods to the three miles branch; thence to the McClure's Ford road, two and one half miles from Rutherfordton; thence to the Poores Ford road (including E. A. Miller's house) at the lower end of the Hosca Wilkie's old field; thence to David Hamilton's including his house, and extending Jos. Hamley's house, thence to the level road to the upper Island Ford road; thence with said road to the b. junction.

No. 2. GREEN HILL TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the fork of Cathey's Creek near Gilkey's Mill on the Marion road and runs with said Marion road to the Singlass Hill; thence with lines of Rutherford Township to the Twitty's Ford; thence with said Twitty's Ford road to the Polk line; thence with the Polk line to Rock Spring Camp Ground; thence to mouth of Cove Creek; thence up said Creek to the mouth of Cedar Creek; thence to Nancy Robertson's house, by Singlass Hill, thence to the Ford of Mountain Creek near Wash Elliott's; thence with a road to the Ford of Cathey's Creek, near Ledbetter's mill; thence down Cathey's Creek to the beginning.

No. 3. UNION TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the corner of Rutherford Township at W. Wilkie's old field on the Marion road and runs with said Marion road to the Singlass Hill; thence with the Polk line to the Twitty's Ford road near Gray's Chapel; thence with said Twitty's Ford road to a corner at Rutherfordton Township; thence with lines of Rutherford Township to the upper Island Ford road; thence with said road to Floyd's Creek; thence down Floyd's Creek to Bond River; thence with the upper Island Ford road to the State line; thence with said State line to the beginning.

No. 4. SOUTHERN TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the corner of Rutherford Township at W. Wilkie's old field on the Marion road and runs with said Marion road to the Singlass Hill; thence with the Polk line to the Twitty's Ford road near Gray's Chapel; thence with said Twitty's Ford road to a corner at Rutherfordton Township; thence with lines of Rutherford Township to the upper Island Ford road; thence with said road to Floyd's Creek; thence down Floyd's Creek to Bond River; thence with the upper Island Ford road to the State line; thence with said State line to the beginning.

No. 5. HIGH SHOALS TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the State line at the corner of Cleveland County and runs with the State line to the upper Island Ford road; thence with said road to the mouth of Cove Creek; thence up said Creek to the mouth of Cedar Creek; thence to Nancy Robertson's house, by Singlass Hill, thence to the Ford of Mountain Creek near Wash Elliott's; thence with a road to the Ford of Cathey's Creek, near Ledbetter's mill; thence down Cathey's Creek to the beginning.

No. 6. COLEMAN TOWNSHIP.—Begins on the Cleveland line at Moore's and runs with line of High Shoals Township to Durham's mill on Second Broad River; thence with a road to the mouth of Cove Creek; thence up said Creek to Amos Harrell's Spring on the old Lincoln road; thence with an old road to Susan Walker's; thence to a corner on the Cleveland line at Joel Walker's Tan Trough; thence with the Cleveland line to the beginning.

No. 7. COOL SPRINGS TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the corner of Rutherford Township at the upper Island Ford road and runs with the Ford Level road and runs with said Bond Ford road to Floyd's Creek; thence down said Creek to Bond River; thence with the road to Durham's mill on Second Broad River; thence up said River to the mouth of Cove Creek; thence up said Creek to Amos Harrell's Spring on the old Lincoln road; thence with an old road to Susan Walker's; thence to a corner on the Cleveland line at Joel Walker's Tan Trough; thence with the Cleveland line to the beginning.

No. 8. DUNCAN CREEK TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the corner of Cleveland line at W. Wilkie's Tan Trough and runs to Susan Wilkie's; thence with an old road to Amos Harrell's Spring on the old Lincoln road; thence with said old road to Susan Walker's; thence to a corner on the Cleveland line at Joel Walker's Tan Trough; thence with the Cleveland line to the beginning.

No. 9. GOLDEN VALLEY TOWNSHIP.—Begins at Eliza Water's on the Cleveland line and runs with the leading mountain known as the Listerby's to the top of the ridge at the head of Duncans Creek; thence with the leading ridge to the waters of First Broad River and Cane Creek; thence to the head of Duncans Creek; thence with the road to the head of Duncans Creek; thence with the leading mountain called Listerby's mountain to Eliza Water's on the Cleveland line; thence with the Cleveland line to the beginning.

No. 10. LORAIN'S STORE TOWNSHIP.—Begins at the top of the ridge above Cooper's Spring, and runs with the old Lincoln road to the old Lincoln road; thence with said road to Second Broad River; thence up the River to the mouth of Cathey's Creek; thence to the Creek to Adam Hampton's Ford; thence with the old Morgan road to the bridge on little Camp Creek; thence up said Creek to the McDowell line; thence with said McDowell line to the top of the ridge between First Broad River and Cane Creek; thence with said ridge to the beginning.

No. 11. CAMP CREEK TOWNSHIP.—Begins at Hampton's Ford on Cathey's Creek and runs up the Creek to the corner of Rutherford Township above the Duffy place; thence with the road to Singlass Hill; thence with the Marion road to the McDowell line at the head of Camp Creek; thence with said road to the old Morgan road; thence with the old Morgan road to the beginning.

No. 12. MORGAN.—Begins at the Ford of Cathey's Creek near Gilkey's Mill and runs up Cathey's Creek to the Ford near Ledbetter's mill; thence with the road to the Ford of Mountain Creek near Wash Elliott's; thence to Nancy Robertson's; thence to Thence Hollow; thence to the mouth of Cedar Creek to the McDowell line above J. A. Grant's; thence with the McDowell line to the Marion road, thence with said road to the beginning.

No. 13. C. RIVER.—Begins at the corner of the Polk and Henderson County lines and runs with the Polk line to the Rock Springs Camp Ground; thence to mouth of Cove Creek; thence up Cove Creek to the mouth of Cedar Creek; thence to the McDowell line above J. A. Grant's; thence with the McDowell line to the Henderson line; thence with said Henderson line to the beginning.

The Mobile Register says Southern planters are better off to-day than they were before the war. They are free from debt, and receiving more for their cotton than ever before. Formerly they were always one crop in debt, and beset by their creditors. Now they have learned economy, and are their own masters.

RYMENA.

Married in Washington City on Dec. 31st, 1868, by Rev. Mr. Tudor, Mr. THOMAS J. CANDLER, Assistant Clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives, and Miss HESSIE E. daughter of Hon. A. H. Jones, all of Asheville, N. C.

Obituary.

Mr. JOHN LOGAN, died at his residence in this County, on Thursday Dec. 31st 1868 at 11 o'clock P. M. after some weeks protracted illness.

Mr. L. was born in the month of June 1804, and was at the time of his death sixty-four years and six months of age.

In addition to his numerous friends and relations, Mr. L. leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss, and a sad loss to them indeed. A devoted husband, and a kind and affectionate father, ever looking and watching to see in what way he might best promote the happiness of his beloved family industriously providing for them, all that could be desired to make them comfortable and happy. A kind and liberal neighbor, and a true friend to all who were in need, and to whom he was so often separated by the Angel of Death, but an all-wise providence has so ordained it, therefore we should be content and happy, only hoping that we may meet again in a better and sweeter home where the dread wings of death sorely not.

Mr. L. was looked upon by all who knew him, as one of our best, most upright, and honest citizens, a kind and liberal neighbor, and as such his loss will be mourned, by all who had learned to appreciate him.

His life though long, was marked with that honest energy, industry and usefulness, that made all respect him, indeed it is said of him, although he had attained the age of sixty-four years, "he hath not an enemy."

We tender our warmest sympathies to his bereaved family in their inevitable loss but it was the hand of him who knoweth all things, and whose just deeds can not be doubted, then grieve not after him, but let him rest in the grave of an upright citizen, and a kind and benevolent husband and father.

Died at his residence near Rutherfordton on Monday, January 4th, 1869, JOSEPH ALLEN, aged about 94 years.

For several years, advancing age had been sapping the foundations of life and he had become helpless for some time before his death.

He leaves a wife and three sons besides a number of grand children and friends to mourn his loss.

Who did not know father Allen, and who, knowing him will not miss him. His son as this Republic had an existence, he had been one of the links which bind us to the past. But one by one the links are severed, and he too is now gone from us forever.

To his numerous surviving relatives and friends we would say let us fondly cherish the memory of his many virtues—forget his errors; and so, that others may bless us when we are buried with the eternal rest.

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(cheap! cheaper!! cheapest!!!)

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Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks, Scissors, Shears, Files of all sorts, Padlocks, Wood and Cotton Candles, Tea Kettles, Long Hamble "Hovels," &c., &c.

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Envelopes, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Stationery Ink, Press Books, &c. A new supply.

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Family Flour, a superior article, constantly on hand, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Cheese, Crackers, Soda, Powder, Lard, Candles, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, and other Confections.

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